

Bedside Manner by pterawaters

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Summary:

Jonathan and Nancy take care of Steve's injured ankle.

Bedside Manner

Author's Note:

This was written for day 3 of Stoncy Week, 2021, for the "Taking care of the other when sick or injured" prompt.

Not beta read, because I just finished writing it ten minutes ago, lol.

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Steve didn't notice the pain in his ankle while he and the others were running for their lives from whatever those things were pretending to be federal agents. Once they were in Jonathan's van, ten minutes down the road with no one following them, it kicked in something fierce. It started as a sharp thread of pain running up his leg when he shifted position, trying to find something more comfortable than sprawled in the back of the van, hanging on for dear life.

He took a sharp breath, clenching his teeth as the pain became a throbbing ache. "Ow, shit," he groaned, putting a hand over his ankle.

"What's wrong?" Nancy asked, reaching for him from her spot in the passenger seat.

"Think I fucked up my ankle," he told her, closing his eyes and trying to breathe through the pain.

"Is it broken?" Jonathan asked. The van pulled over and stopped, then he was looking back at Steve, too.

"Couldn't say," Steve told him. "It's not like I have x-ray vision. Hurts like hell, though."

Jonathan came into the back of the van with him, helping Steve get re-situated with his leg out in front

of him. He untied Steve's sneaker and slipped it off before carefully manipulating Steve's foot in first one, then another direction.

Steve hissed at one particular motion. "Ow! Jesus, that hurts!"

"Sorry, honey, "Jonathan said, dropping a kiss on to Steve's knee.

The back door opened and Nancy called out, "Ice and a compression bandage?"

"Yes, please, "Jonathan called to her. "I don't think we're going to have to splint it. It's probably just a sprain."

"Probably?" Steve asked. He put his hand over one of Jonathan's and asked, "Am I gonna live, Doc?"

Jonathan smiled and shook his head. "I don't know. It might be a close one if we don't get that cold pack soon."

A pack flew over Steve and beamed Jonathan in the face. He gave Nancy a look before sarcastically saying, "Thank you, dear."

"You're welcome," Nancy called. The back doors closed, then Nancy appeared up front again with a little smirk on her face.

Jonathan cracked the pack and shook it for a moment before rolling Steve's sock back up and putting the cold pack over it. "How's that?"

"A little better, "Steve admitted, reaching down to hold the cold pack in place. "It could do with a few kisses, though." He pouted at Jonathan, who laughed.

"I'm not allowed to administer kisses at the hospital." Jonathan took the cold pack and pulled off Steve's sock, giving the ankle underneath a quick few kisses. Then he started wrapping Steve's ankle in the stretchy compression bandage.

From the front seat, Nancy said, "I'm glad the hospital doesn't let you kiss your patients. Steve and I would get very jealous."

"We would," Steve agreed. The throbbing returned, so he looked up and tried to breathe through the pain long enough for Jonathan to

finish securing the bandage in place. "We're very lucky that our husband is a doctor."

He gave that cute little self-conscious scoff and said, "With as much as we get injured, one of us had to get some medical training."

Steve put the cold pack on over the bandage and pulled Jonathan close by the collar. "Thank you, Dr. Byers." Steve kissed him with a smile.

From the front, Nancy asked, "Can you imagine if I'd been the one to go to med school?"

Steve laughed. "Well, we'd probably still be alive, but we wouldn't be so happy about it."

"Your bedside manner could use some work," Jonathan agreed. He gave Steve one more kiss before saying, "We should probably keep moving, at least for a bit. We don't want those things catching up to us."

Nancy crawled over into the driver's seat and started the engine. "I'm ready when you are."

Jonathan hopped into the passenger seat before looking back at Steve. "You okay? Feeling any better?"

"A lot better," Steve reported, holding the cold pack in place. "Let's get back to the others before they do something stupid out of boredom."

Nancy and Jonathan both laughed as Nancy pulled back into traffic. Steve rested his head against the pillow between his head and the van wall. Hopefully they'd taken out the biggest threat and he'd have a few days to rest his ankle, but when it came to the Upside Down, just about anything was possible.

Author's Note:

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